

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## LORD VENETIA.

He was a great banker. He was a great blackguard. It would not be necessary to say the same thing twice, but that the world is so slow to understand.

In his excuse it must be said that he was an hereditary blackguard. His grandfather had developed that exceptional capacity for depriving other people of their money on a large scale which the world invariably rewards with coronets.

The world, then, approved of him, and of all his family, who were as rich as he was, or richer, and who made as good use of their money as he did, collecting curios, patronizing every form of expensive amusement, and giving to the poor.

Everybody liked him, and he liked everybody, and everything. He was an English gentleman, as his father had been before him, and his—no. He had been educated at Eton and Christ church. He had traveled everywhere, and seen all things worth seeing, and he knew about all things worth knowing about. He had the best collection of armor and old fans in the country, and the best cook, and he would have had the best conservatories but that his brother had better. He was very happy and enjoyed life, being barely forty, and in perfect health. Of mornings he sat in his counting-house, making money without effort, hereditarily; the evenings he spent in society, entertaining princes, peers, priests, painters, poets—pooh!

He had married a lovely woman, his cousin. He adored her. More than once, as he looked across to where she sat at the head of his table, wearing his mother's world-famous diamonds, his mild blue eyes had filled with tears.

He sat watching her thus tenderly on this bitter cold December evening, which they were spending together alone—an unusual thing!—in the boudoir of the great house in Berkeley Square. They had come up to town for a royal function, the opening of a vast home for decayed gentlewomen, which counted Lady Venetia amongst its most important patronesses. They were alone, then, in the exquisite boudoir, one of whose not trifling treasures would have been a year's annuity to a gentlewoman; and he sat considering contentedly how, after four years of marriage, she still was as handsome, and he still as fond of her, as when first their disconcerting alliance had been announced to a horde of suitors, male and female.

All through dinner she had been very silent, preoccupied all through the day. He would have fancied the function had tired her had she not seemed tired before it began. She sat looking into the fire, fair, delicate, too transparent against the unadorned white silk of her dress. These listless moods were growing upon her; he must make another effort to induce her to consult Sir Henry Parsons; often of late she had seemed like a woman whose thoughts were far away, and very sad.

"What is the matter?" he said, uselessly questioning, restless in his arm-chair.

"Nothing," she answered, motionless.

"But you always say that," he continued, "and I do not believe you. Nobody would. Probably you do not know yourself. I do wish you would consult—"

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. He paused. A thick silence sank between, unruffled but for an occasional crackle from the fire.

Presently he tried, aloud, to alter the current of their thoughts.

"You have absolutely no jewels at all to-night," he said. "Nothing but your wedding-ring."

"No," she acquiesced reflectively, and looked down at her hand. "Nothing but my wedding-ring."

"It seems to me you wear them less and less."

"Yes."

"If you are tired of the old ones"—he laughed—"I must try and get you some new."

She did not answer. A moment later, with a swift gesture, she pointed to the evening paper, which had dropped against his feet.

"That is a miserable letter," she said.

"What letter? Dearest, you are ill! Let me—"

"Sit down. I am not ill. That letter in the *St. James* from a 'Decayed Gentlewoman,' relating how all her savings went in a bogus company."

"What bogus company?"

"I don't know. Does it matter?"

"No. That sort of thing happens daily. It is lamentable. Such people ought to stick to consols. What does she write to the papers about?"

"Decayed gentlewomen."

"Yes, yes, of course. She is grateful. Very natural. It is an admirable work."

"Grateful!" There was scorn, but there was also deep wretchedness, in Lady Venetia's voice.

"She says it is right that the houses should be built by the people who provide occupants for them."

"What on earth does she mean?"

"She means me."

"Yes? Angela, you are talking in riddles. Does the letter-writer talk in riddles too?"

"Oh, no, she is lucid enough. Her clearness leaves nothing to be desired. Her father, she says, lost almost everything he had, not through speculation, but by unfortunate investments in South American securities, and such-like."

"Her savings, after twenty years of governance, have all gone in the failure of a bank."

"You said a bogus company."

"Did I? It was a bank."

"What bank?"

"She doesn't say. Does it matter?"

"Why did you ask?"

"Professional curiosity. But I assure you I do not care."

"Nor do I—much. The South American loans were of course—ours. The ruin of the bank was—ours."

"Ours?"

"The destruction of the whole family," she went on, without heeding him—"ours."

"Does she say so?—the liar!"

She rose from her chair, facing him.

"Liar? Would to God she was!"

Suddenly he realized that a great sorrow threatened, was already upon him, the first, the supreme disaster of his life. It struck him through the one being he passionately loved. His wife's mind was giving way. She was ill indeed, and though, possibly, Sir Henry—

"Hush!" he exclaimed, with a ring of anxiety in his voice.

"Hush, dear, you are too soft-hearted, too readily sympathetic. And you confuse things. The woman's accusation is outrageous, on the face of it. You and I are in no wise responsible for her imprudent investments. Everybody who has lost money invariably lays the blame to the bankers. You, as a banker's wife and a banker's daughter, should know better than to listen to such trash."

She sank back in her chair, not answering.

"We are rich," he continued, studying to keep his voice free from irritation, "you will have hard work indeed before you silence all detractors."

"Hard work indeed," she said, wistfully.

"Especially if no charge is too idiotic for you to heed it."

Again she looked at him, full in the eyes. "This charge," she said slowly, "this most idiotic of all, I have ceaselessly pondered since, some months ago, I first made it—to myself."

"Had you told me—"

"Would you have helped me to come to my conclusion—?"

"Yes, indeed."

"That it is true?"

"Angela!"

"No, not some months ago! It is years since the idea first occurred to me, transitorily: it has come back from time to time, like a cold shadow across the sunshine of my life. I put it from me at first successfully, as an absurdity—as you do—I felt it to be an extravagance, I, a young girl, with all my home and family traditions, my father's authority, your example, the whole world's approving admiration!"—she stopped, gasping for breath.

"Well, have these all changed?"

"But last spring the changed?"

turned to me, and remained; it

stopped me, standing right across my path, and would not be put aside. I recognized it at once, and I saw that this time all evasion was fruitless. I have faced it; I have studied its features—merciful God, I know it by heart!"

"This, then, accounts for your moodiness, your fits of depression! You have been worrying your poor little brains about problems you could not possibly understand!"

"Until I understood them."

"Folly! You assume too much, Angela—"

She rose up before him, superb.

"I assume," she said, "to myself the right of continuing to suffer—the right of listening to a voice whose tormentings no efforts of mine can still."

He quailed before her, his heart full of fondness, and in tones of entreaty. "Dearest," he said, "let us talk this matter over together. Let me help you. What is it that troubles you? What do you want?"

She threw herself down beside him in a torrent of tears. "Oh, help me!" she cried, "let us help each other!" She caught at one of his hands and kissed it. "We shall want each other's help. Morris, I cannot go on living like this. I cannot. I cannot. The food I eat chokes me. The jewels I wear strangle me. The gold that I seem to tread on burns beneath my feet. Hush, hush; I will be calm. I am quite well, as sane as you are. Do not flatter yourself, I entreat you, that this is any mental or nervous disorder a doctor could cure. I have thought it all out a hundred times, over and over again. Morris, we are thieves, plunderers, brigands. Oh, don't look at me like that! I'm not a Socialist, or a Communist, or a Radical. I haven't dabbled in politics. I know nothing about them, or the Social Question. I don't know what that means. I understand perfectly that there must be rich and poor always, that there is righteous wealth and honest trading. But not ours—not ours—the Church is right!"

"Ah," he burst out, "I might have thought that some proselytizing fanatic—"

She stopped him.

"No," she said, "what have you and I to do with churches? But the other day, by chance, in the midst of my perplexities, I came across this statement, that the Christian Church has, through all ages, refused to admit the trade in money as a legitimate means of gain. I understand. The Papacy, you have always told me, is very careful as to what it condemns or approves. Have you not always told me that—"

"Yes—but—"

"It has condemned, through all the ages, our banking as dishonest, as a trade that no Christian should follow. What is that to us? you say. True, it is nothing to us. It is but an argument that I clutched at in passing. I don't need it as an argument. My arguments are here!" She struck her breast, lying against his knees, her hands, and her eyes, one appeal!

"Let me hear them," he said desperately, looking away.

"I knew there must be a certain amount of money-lending and changing, credit, and deposit, and bills of exchange, and that sort of thing. Am I not a Rialto as well as yourself? I have been brought up amongst these matters, I know. But not our way."

He returned on her. "Our way is that of the Rialtos," he exclaimed; "we have never had another way. Am I not one of the partners? What an earth do you mean? You know nothing about it. Nothing at all."

"Yes, our way is the way of the Rialtos," she said. She rose to her feet. "It is that I complain of. Ours is not the decent trade—hardly honorable perhaps, yet scarcely dishonorable either—of the small local banker, the inevitable go-between—we, the great money lords, the monopolists of capital, the manipulators of millions—I don't know whether I'm saying it right."

"Oh, quite right," she said, "go on!"

"You know what we do—oh, you know! Under false names we start companies all the world over, companies that we never expect to pay—or, better still, we ruin the undertakings that others have started, and when they are ruined, we buy them up. They pay then!"

"Is that your entire conception of our business?"

"No. Would it were! 'Never consider any capitalist too small to be worth crushing!' How often have I not heard my father say that at home. You, Morris, you do not say it—"

She paused.

"It is a maxim of the house," he replied uncomfortably, "a rule of business, not a personal opinion at all. Finance is war: it is a question of hereditary tactics towards a traditional end. You talk as if a general were an assassin, because he burnt an enemy's town."

"War!" she cried. "No! war has its code of honor, at least it had—when kings, and not money-lenders, made it. War? No, ours is brigandage—no, not brigandage—that is open and honest—a risk for a risk. Ours is safe pillage, protected by the laws that have built up snobbery on self-interest, sure plucking of pigeons and plundering of bee's nests, by slow force and swift fraud. You yourself remember how you told me, only a fortnight ago, that the head of a business you had smashed had applied for a clerkship in ours."

"We gave it him."

"You gave it him! And his daughter wrote me a letter and told me she would not eat our bread. She had left her father's house and got a situation as a servant."

"She was young. Her father was the wiser of the two."

She drew back from him.

"What would you have?" he cried fiercely, brought to bay.

"These things are inevitable, I tell you—they are part of the game. If we talked like this, we should have to stop business altogether. One man can't gain without another man's losing. You can't have the biggest diamond in the world and the Duchess of Sangrail have it too."

She drew still farther away from him.

"No, no," she said wearily, putting her hand to her tired eyes, "one man can gain without another's losing. It isn't the same, I feel it isn't, though I can't explain it. I wish I could. An India merchant, for instance, or a cloth manufacturer, or the inventor of a new process—these have a right to their thousands. But we—we, with our millions—our trade is money-getting only—we, to make profits—by libels, and lies of all sorts, and Stocks Exchange rumors, and political wire-pullings, we must ruin other men that we may step into their shoes. Our trade is the ruining of other men! The ruining of other men—nothing else!"

"It isn't true," he said; "our trade is the foundation of capital."

"For others?" she laughed.

"You very rarely speak to me about the business, Morris, but you gave me to understand once yourself, last winter, that you had paid a South American Minister one million francs to make a false statement in his Parliament, and that you had cleared three millions by the transaction."

"I could cut out my tongue," he said. As he spoke a domestic, an old butler, came into the room with a tray. Lord Venetia broke out angrily, ordering him to be gone.

"I will ring, C. lins," said Lady Venetia gently. She went across and, lifting the drapery, made sure that the door had closed behind the retreating servant. Then she came back to the fire and, almost in a whisper—

"In the South of China," she said, "when those terrible massacres were taking place—we could have stopped them with a word."

He did not answer.

"How much did we make by not stopping them?"

"Angela! Oh, my God, Angela, I love you! I love you so!"

She threw out her arms to him, wide open, waiting. "Thank God," she cried, "thank God for that! We can bear everything together—can we not? Even the worst."

"Surely," he said, uncertain.

"See! the other day—no, it was this morning—it seems so long ago; it was this morning—as we were going into the 'Homes'—I had stepped back a moment: you had passed on without noticing—a working-man in the crowd said:

"That's Venetia! Don't I wish I was him!"

"Of course. Did not I tell you so? You are surrounded by an inevitable circle of envy. If you are going to pay attention to every slander it utters—"

"His companion said: 'Not I. I'd rather be dying of starvation than eat that man's bloodstained bread.'"

"Pah!" he exclaimed, paling.

"It was the companion had the better face. I don't know what more they said."

"Well, it's only Chinese blood!" he cried, maddened, not thinking his own words.

He hardened her immediately.

"Even that statement is incorrect," she said coldly. "Our daily bread is daily soaked with blood and tears from every quarter of the globe."

"I wonder you can eat it," he exclaimed.

In a low voice, whose every tone rang clear, she answered: "I cannot." Nothing stirred. A piece of wood rolled forward on the fender with a crash. Then the silence held its breath.

"It is this that is killing me," continued Lady Venetia. "Morris, I can't live by theft any longer, I must eat honest food."

In the pause that followed she shrieked aloud: "Morris, you will go with me! Say you will go with me, my husband! We will escape from this wretchedness and wickedness! We will break away from it together! Morris, I too, I love you—you know it—more than anything else on earth."

"If you love me, Angela—as I know you do—you will listen to me! You will allow yourself to be influenced by reason. You will believe me when I tell you that you can not understand about these matters. And you will at least consent to see Sir Henry Parsons."

"And take pills," said Lady Venetia, scornfully. "There is but one pill would cure me, Morris. I shall never take it, or I should have taken it long ago. I do not know what has brought out all this talk to-night. I am so glad, so glad. There is peace at last, comparatively, in having spoken. The worst is over now? What can the rest matter? You will go away with me somewhere, will you not?"

"Anywhere you like, Angela. We will take the yacht—"

"Away from it all, I mean. We can stay in London, if you prefer, as long as only we get away from it. But some other place would be surely be better, outside Europe, where nobody knows us. As long as we get away. I will do anything you like, Morris—anything. I am strong. I can work. I will never complain of any hardship, as long as only we get away."

"From what? d—it?"

She drew herself up—before the first oath she had ever heard him utter. "From the money," she said, and stood still.

He laughed.

"We must understand each other," she continued; "I cannot eat it any longer, this bread that is earned by crime."

He laughed again, the tears in his eyes.

"Cake," he said bitterly, "cake."

"I wanted to do whatever I can," she pleaded, her words falling soft as falling snow. "I will do anything; I repeat it. Anything you wish me to do. But, only, don't expect me to stay among this—her hand swept around the splendors of the boudoir—"for I can't."

"And how about staying with me?" he said. She understood, in that moment, the hopelessness of her struggle. "You will come with me," she stammered, tottering, pale to the lips.

"I will go wherever you wish; I will do whatever you like."

"We will go out from here as honest beggars to earn an honest livelihood." He was silent. "My God! you will do right!" she gasped, hoarse with the passion of her yearning. "My husband, my husband! I did wrong to distrust you. You understand now. You had never thought of it before. We will expiate our long crime before God. In time, perhaps, He will pardon us the massacred thousands of China, the wrecked homes here in Europe, in America—the suicides which were murder, the

broken hearts—." She stopped and, sobbing, covered her face with her hands.

"I will do anything you like," he repeated, "but you must give me time. These things are not done in a day. And first you must recover your normal health. You must go through some course of medical treatment, and if, after that, your resolve remains the same—"

"You would lock me up in an asylum!" she cried.

"No, by Heaven!" and now his voice faltered. "Angela, have we wandered as far apart as this?"

"I suppose so," she said, sadly, putting back the wet hair from her cheeks. "Morris, the explanation has come. Let us at least, in all the misery, be grateful for that. I am going. Now that I have spoken what is my heart, I could not remain another night under this roof. You would scorn me for doing so. The beds that we lie on—the breakfast they will bring us tomorrow morning—these have been paid for with money that was stolen! Once I have said this, you would despise me for touching them."

"You have touched them long enough," he replied faintly.

"That is a very natural gibe, or, rather, from your lips let me deem it a reproof. Hundreds will repeat it as an insult. Long enough indeed! Morris, did I not love you more—more than I ought to, I?"—she halted—"I should not have taken so long."

"Love me!" he exclaimed angrily. "That is an insult! Do not dare to speak of love, you, who abandon your husband, your home, your kindred, everything you ought to honor—abandon them, insult them, revile them! Love!"

She held out both her hands.

"Come!" she said.

"Will you tell the whole world what you think of us?"

"Come!" she said.

"You know a good deal; are you not one of us—a Rialto? Tell about the Brazilian Finance Minister and about the Chinese massacres. Faugh, these are trifles!"

In his rage and despair he turned upon himself and rent his own bosom. "As you say, I have seldom spoken to you about the business. I could tell you a great deal more—a great deal more—for you to tell the world!"

"Come!" she said.

He threw himself back in the chair, staring at her.

She dropped her arms. "I shall tell nothing," she said, and her voice, still very low, had entirely changed its tone. "I shall go somewhere and hide myself. I don't know where. It has all come so suddenly. For weeks I knew it must come, yet I never thought it would. Don't trouble about me, Morris. I shall go right away where nobody knows me. I feel sure I can teach music and singing. I shall wait for you, Morris, and some day you will come out to me, out of the slough of treachery and robbery, with hands that, like mine at this moment, are empty and clean!" She turned and walked with a slow step towards the door.

From under the chair she had deserted, her little dog, a King Charles, rushed out and ran after her. She paused to gather it in her arms, and, still fixing one last, long, lingering look on her husband, lingeringly drew away into the distance and, with the dog at her bosom, went forth.

As the door clicked slowly into its lock, Lord Venetia cried out amid the stillness: "The dog!"

Then silence deepened upon the empty room. The fire had burnt itself nearly out with sluggish glow; the steady lamps shone dull.

The master of the house sat silent through the silence. He sat immovable, gazing into the dying fire. Then, all at once, he realized that his solitude was broken in upon; that the door opened wide open, that the butler stood before him, fluttered, in great perturbation—

"My Lord—his Royal Highness!"

Lord Venetia sprang to his feet, and before the servant's horrified amazement—

"Tell him to go to the devil!" he cried. - *Illustrated London News.*

Man's best counsel is his wife.

## OBITUARY.

MRS. ELLA RUDD DIVINE.

Ella Rudd, wife of Louis A. Divine, died Friday, October 21st, at the home of Mr. C. E. Comp, 4600 Boulevard Avenue, Omaha, Neb., after a lingering illness of liver trouble, aged 28. The closing of the young life was pathetically sad, as she had never known a parent's love, her parents having died when she was a small child, and but a little over a year ago she stepped to the altar a happy bride.

When six years old she lost her hearing with the scarlet fever, but retained the power of speech to a remarkable degree, and upon entering the Nebraska School for the Deaf at the age of seven, soon became one of its brightest pupils, if not one of the best lip-readers in the West.

She graduated with honor, and when the doors of Gallaudet College were opened to women, was among the first to enter.

She remained there two years, then was called home to take a position as teacher in her Alma Mater, which position she held for eight years, showing herself to be an able and conscientious teacher, endearing herself to all.

It was an unalloyed pleasure to chat with her upon the books she had read, and inspect her fancy work at which she was an adept. She also was of a poetical turn of mind and wrote several beautiful poems, none of which have ever been published.

She had always made her home at the school, and looked upon Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie as her foster parents, since the death of her own parents had left her without any distinct family ties.

In June, 1897, she was married in the parlors of the school, to Mr. Louis A. Divine, a graduate of the school, also of Gallaudet College, and an instructor in the Montana School for the Deaf, Mr. Gillespie giving the bride away. After removing to her Montana home, she was in the best of health till the birth of her infant son three months ago, when her health began to fail. Her husband, acting upon her physician's advice, hoped that by removing her to a lower altitude and the scenes of her childhood she would be benefited, so in company with her husband she reached Omaha, September 12th.

Under the influence of familiar faces, scenes and the change in altitude, she seemed to be improving, so much so, that her husband after remaining in Omaha a week, went back to his duties at the Montana School, feeling confident of her ultimate recovery. But on October 12th her condition became alarming so her husband was telegraphed for.

He reached Omaha, October 16th, and was surprised to find her up and dressed anxiously awaiting his arrival.

The meeting was a most happy one, and then she arranged some flowers, she tasted some wine which friends in Montana had sent her, remarking: "How good! How kind!"

Thursday, October 20th, she took to her bed, and it was then that it became evident to her husband and friends that she was not to be long for this world and would soon be numbered with them that were but now are not. At 4:35 p.m., Friday, while resting peacefully in her husband's arms "Death, who loves a shining mark," claimed her as his own.

The remains, decked in her bridal robes, were encased in a beautiful casket, completely hidden with floral offerings of loving friends, and rested in the parlor of the house in which she had spent the first few months of her married life, where they were viewed by friends till the hour of the funeral, which occurred on Sunday afternoon, October 23d, at 2 p.m. Rev. C. W. Savidge conducted the funeral services at the house and at Forest Lawn, where interment was made.

The following were the pallbearers: R. E. Steward, T. F. Moseley, F. R. Martin, A. Gladwin, H. J. Porter, Mr. Ryan. Our sympathies go out to the bereaved husband and motherless baby. May the Lord comfort them in their great sorrow.

OMAHA, Nov. 22, '98.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 16th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To him the lambent and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

THE Grace Church Record, of Baltimore, Md., includes on its official list of the clergy of the church Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, who was ordained on June 19th, and has charge of "Grace Mission to Deaf-Mutes." In an article in the same paper, referring to Mr. Whildin's ordination, it is stated that his Baltimore parishioners presented him with a white silk stole, and a cassock and surplice were given him by his many Philadelphia friends. It also gives the following additional information: "The Rev. Mr. Whildin was born at sea on October 22, 1870, as his parents were on their voyage from Wales to America. He lost his hearing, but not his speech, through illness, when twelve years of age. He is a graduate of the National College for the Deaf-Mutes at Washington, and of the Philadelphia Divinity School. His work among the Deaf-Mutes of Baltimore has been most successful from the start, and great things are expected from his future career. He hopes to become the Diocesan Missionary to the Deaf-Mutes, both for our own Diocese and those of Washington and Easton."

It is very unlikely that any friends or acquaintances of Douglas Tilden have been misled by the heading "From Tilden" in the *Lone Star Weekly*. The puerile character of the correspondence is sufficient to convince anybody that Douglas Tilden has no connection with the articles which regularly appear headed and signed by his surname. Douglas is as accomplished, as artistic, as impressive, and as forcible, in verbal expression as he is in moulding his conceptions in inanimate clay. Nevertheless, the prominence which Douglas Tilden has attained as a sculptor—and also as a writer—entitles him to consideration, and although the writer in the *Lone Star Weekly* may be simply using his own name, unconscious of any breach of courtesy towards another, the editors of the paper ought to be better posted, and should insist that at least the initials of the writer's Christian name be affixed.

ON the fourth page is a reprint of one of those syndicate articles which constantly go the rounds of the press. It is full of absurdities and misstatements, and is printed in the *JOURNAL* for the simple purpose of showing our readers a few of the misconceptions concerning them. It would be vain to attempt a correction of the many errors it contains, but it at least should convey the lesson to those who read it, that the public requires to be constantly educated on matters relating to the deaf, otherwise they will continue to be regarded as freaks who are devoid of the attributes which characterize intelligent humanity.

We are pleased to note that little Walter E. Kadel, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kadel, is at home spending the Thanksgiving vacation with his parents. Walter is looking well, and his parents are greatly pleased with the progress their interesting little son is making in his studies in that model institution for the education of the deaf and dumb that he is attending in New York City. Walter has five days' leave of absence for this holiday, and although he is only seven years of age, when the time comes to return he goes back cheerfully and manfully to his studies, showing that he is pleased with the school and its associations.

—Port Jervis Union, Nov. 25.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### Two Thanksgiving Entertainments.

#### "THE CHAPERON" AND "JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP."

#### The Happenings of a Week at the Green.

From our Washington Correspondent.

With the foot-ball season over, things about college become more quiet and commonplace. The team disbanded the first of last week, but no captain for next year's team has yet been chosen. The Second eleven is to play Gonzaga College on Wednesday, and that will be the last game of the season. The Freshmen and Ducks are to play soon for the class championship.

Thanksgiving has been spent about as usual. The vacation began Thursday and closed Saturday. The chapel services were conducted by Prof. Chickering. His texts were: Psalm 101:—"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord;" and Neh. 8:10,—"Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

His subject was: Thanksgiving a duty, a joy:  
For Life in the World  
For Life in the United States  
For Life in the College  
For the knowledge of Christ.

He traced the origin of Thanksgiving Day, and beginning with its observance in Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1783, spoke of its adoption as a National custom under Washington 1784-1789, and afterwards re-adopted by Lincoln 1863, in which time it has been annually observed.

The Co-ed's Jollity Club and the S. N. D. C. each gave an entertainment during the holidays. The girls gave theirs Thursday night. The title of the play given was "The Chaperon," a comedy in three acts, by Rachel E. Baker. The play was pronounced one of the best the club has yet given.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.  
Miss Morong, *Principal of Crandon Hall*.  
Miss Fraeger, *Miss Dinecourt*.  
Miss Dinecourt, *of Seiborn*.  
Miss Vandegrift, *Mademoiselle Jeanne*.  
Miss Vandy, *the French Teacher*.  
Miss Zell.

Pupils:  
Joyce Dinecourt or "Jack".....Miss Bauman  
Judith Grey.....Miss Snyder  
Phyllis Reynolds.....Miss Winton  
Barbara Freigher.....Miss Hayden  
Suzanne Horton.....Miss DeLong  
Lillian Gordon.....Miss Stephens  
Mollie Howard.....Miss McGregor  
Anna Dayton.....Miss Ohlenschlaeger  
Daisy Rogers.....Miss Ritchie  
Miriam, the Gypsy.....Miss Frederick  
Jill, the Waitress.....Miss Goldstein  
Nora, Mrs. Dinecourt's Maid.....Miss Marshall

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Crandon Hall, a select boarding school for young ladies. On the lawn. The race-Jack wins. The Gypsy and the Waitress. Nora encounters Mademoiselle Jeanne. Nora from Cousin Geoffrey inviting the girls to his studio. Jack has a bright thought. Tennis drill. Miss Dinecourt meets the Gypsy. "Johnny" accuses the Gypsy of theft. Found guilty. "Take yourself and the girl away. Go!"

ACT II.—Geoffrey's studio. Nora out of breath. She salutes the "figure in armor." "What! there she is now." "Johnny's lover-letter. The ghost. Footsteps on the stairs. The wrong door. The Gypsy will open in self-defense. Miriam and Jill. A breathless group. "The Queen, thy Chaperon, approaches." It is Jack in her mother's gown. The accident in the closet. The second Mrs. Miriam's mistake. Nora's troublesome conscience. The trick on Miss Morong. Jack discovers that she has a sister. "Your duty, Jill, is there."

ACT III.—Mrs. Dinecourt's drawing-room. "Are you all here?" Suzanne's words. "Johnny here!" On stage. The warm reception. Nora's penitence. "Johnny's" confession. Mrs. Dinecourt finds sympathy. The ring. Bashful Barbara learns how to pour tea for gentlemen. Another confession of Mother and child. "My own, fair Margaret, my long lost daughter."

Stage Managers: Miss Lamson, '00; Miss Vandegrift, '99; Miss DeLong, '02.

The S. N. D. C.'s play was given Saturday night and was also very good. The Title was "Josiah's Courtship," a farce comedy drama in four acts, by Horace C. Dale.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Josiah Perkins, *brusque and fickle*.  
Thomas Hart, *a young lawyer in love with Edna*.  
Richard Roland, *supposedly wealthy, but heartless and scheming*.  
George Bath, '99  
Harry Sharp, *a detective, pierced with a dagger*.  
Joe, *a mischievous newsboy*.  
Ernest Cowley, I. C.  
Mike, *Josiah's valet*.  
John Fisher, '01  
Priscilla Brown, *whose affections are centered in Josiah*.  
Edna, *her niece, with a penchant for Mr. Hart*.  
Birdie, an "angel" that fits.

Owen Carrell, '00  
Mrs. Black, *a childless widow*.  
Gus Allen, I. C.

#### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—[Parlor at Priscilla Brown's.] A kettle of fish. Josiah gets an "angel" to fix him up. A mistaken embrace and a total eclipse. "Beh, he's been eatin' onions!" A dusky prophet. The girls' compact. "I'd w'd yo' pard, every time; we'll turn dis upside down." Sharp the detective. The "angel" gives good advice. A wronged and childless widow. "A woman's business."

ness." The rival suitors. An altercation. Jeff's plans begin to work. "Curse you, Phil—!" Consternation. Picture.

ACT II.—[Sharp's office.] The detective and the "angel." A photo in evidence. A trick on the Irishman. Josiah gets excited again. Joe gives the old man a "tip." An embarrassing predicament. A providential interruption. A few "pinted" questions. The "angel" offers some good advice. "Is that young rascal trying to cut me out?" The story of Josiah's life. An old man's darling. Priscilla seeks a mouse. An address rehearsal. Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

ACT III.—[Back at Priscilla's.] Another embarrassment for Josiah. "By golly, dis am a debbil ob a muss!" Priscilla in war-paint. Reconciled. More trouble for Jeff. "I'm in love up to my eyebrows!" A spring chicken and an old hen. A bitter encounter. Defiance. Josiah makes a bargain with the "angel." Confusion worse confounded.

ACT IV.—[Scene as before.] A vote of confidence. A few more pointed questions. "Et dar's gwine ter be a 'sposion, dis coon will see de fun eben ef he gets blowed up." Mike on a tear. Josiah's ultimatum. A father's confession and an unexpected guest. The "sposion." Tom's exclamation. The bitter bit. Father and son. Priscilla relents. "Call in the preacher and let's all be happy." The remnants of Mike.

Among those present at the Jollity Club's entertainment was Mrs. Stanley Brown, daughter of ex-President Garfield. The weather was very unfavorable for a large attendance at both plays, and only a few persons from the city braved the storm to witness them.

Among those students spending the holidays away from the city were Shafer, '02, at home in Baltimore, Carpenter, '02, at Leesburg, Va., and Jones, I. C., at the School for the Deaf, Staunton, Va. Miss Bear, of the Normal Class, spent the time at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.

Miss Hayden's, '02, mother was at the College from Wednesday until yesterday.

Prof. Chickering's son John and wife have been the guests of the Professor during the holidays. Mr. Chickering is Superintendent of Schools in the Flushing District of New York City.

George Gordon, Princeton, '00, was on the Green during the holidays. He is Dr. Gordon's only son.

Bath and Bumgardner went over in Virginia hunting Friday, but secured no game. They reported seeing only one rabbit, and no other game at all.

Carrell, '00, was surprised the other day by the receipt of a letter from a matrimonial agency, saying that in response to his answer to their advertisement, they had found a girl that they thought would suit him, but the funniest part of it is that he never made such advertisement. Perhaps some friend did it for him.

The students were nearly all disgusted with the *Register's* Baltimore correspondent for taking the account of the Gallaudet-Hopkins football game which he sent to the *Register* from the Baltimore *Herald*, word for word, without enclosing it with in quotation marks or making any statement to show that it was not his own. It is not the first time this correspondent, who signs himself "Avon," has done the like. He did it last spring during the baseball season, and on former occasions too. Therefore it would seem that it's high time he learned to write his own accounts of games, or else leave them alone, and not take something untrue from another paper and send it to his as his own work. I say untrue, for the account confused the names of the Gallaudet players and gave the Hopkins too much praise, thus causing the people to believe that they played a better game than Gallaudet's boys did.

Again "Avon's" talk about the deaf of Baltimore not knowing of the game, or that they would have been more hospitable to the team, falls flat. The leading deaf men of Baltimore certainly did know that the game was to be played that day. Mr. Whildin was here the Monday before and certainly heard talk of it, for he attended. Besides the dates of all the games have been published in both the *Register* and *JOURNAL*, and in the *Buff and Blue*. Besides the game was well advertised by the Hopkins management in the Baltimore papers, and in other ways. Therefore the fact that only three or four deaf persons who live in Baltimore attended the game shows how little attention they really paid to it. I wonder if "Avon" himself, whoever he is, was present at the game. If he was and will read his plagiarized account as printed in the *Register*, and then compare it with the accounts sent out by the college correspondent, he will doubtless observe what a blunder he has committed. Anyhow, I advise him to hunt up his grammar and find out what quotation marks are used for before he undertakes to write up another football or baseball game.

R. S. T.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.  
DECEMBER.  
2-2 P.M., Dayton. Service and Address.  
2-3 P.M., Dayton. Social gathering, St. Clement's Mission.  
3-Evening, Indianapolis. Social gathering, St. Alban's Mission.  
4-9 A.M., Indianapolis. Service.  
4-11 A.M., Indianapolis. Holy Communion.  
4-7 P.M., Indianapolis. Special Service.  
5-7 P.M., Grand Rapids. Service and Sermon.  
8-8 P.M., Grand Rapids. Social gathering, St. Bede's Mission.  
9-10 P.M., Indianapolis. Service.  
9-7 P.M., Battle Creek. Special Service—Evening, Detroit. Social.  
11-10 P.M., Detroit. Holy Communion.  
11-3 P.M., Detroit. Service and Sermon.

Other appointments may be made between these, in case of which notice will be given by mail.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### How Thanksgiving was Spent.

#### PANTOMIME AT THE CLUB.

#### Items of Interest.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Our Thanksgiving weather was far from agreeable this year. Throughout the greater part of the day, there was first a fall of sleet and then of snow, and by evening Mother Earth had donned a beautiful white mantle for the first time this season.

It was stay-at-home weather for most. In consequence, the service at All Souls' Church in the morning, was very slimly attended. And the Mr. Airy foot-ball team forfeited the snug sum of seventy-five dollars by not standing up against the team of the Trinity Athletic Association. We have not been able to discern why the match did not come off, but suppose it was on account of the weather.

Even the entertainment that was given at All Souls' Hall in the evening was affected. It was, however, of all events least so, and we feel safe in saying that those who braved the chilly weather were more than repaid by it. These brave ones numbered nearly an hundred. It must have been encouraging to Mr. F. C. Smielan, to whose genius and management the success of the entertainment was largely due, to find such a good attendance under the unfavorable conditions that prevailed. This feeling may have been shaved in by the others who were under him, all of whom acted their part creditably.

It was nearly half past eight, when the curtain rose and "Mons. Toupet, the Dancing Barber," announced his readiness to shave. The full cast of characters were:—

Mons. Toupet, the Barber.....Chas. W. Waterhouse  
M. Lafleur, a duke.....Ira Poorman  
Blusterooff, the village booby.....R. E. Underwood  
Edouard, a lover.....Harrison F. Yoder  
Elroi, a servant.....John M. Wismer  
Clara, the village belle.....Mrs. C. W. Waterhouse  
Servant.....H. G. Gunkel

The platform, which had been enlarged twice its usual size, and was lined with scenery, presented a striking appearance which was only enhanced by the costumes of the actors. Messrs. C. W. Waterhouse and R. E. Underwood, both had difficult parts to perform, acquitted themselves very creditably in this play and also in the next one.

During the interval of the two plays light refreshments, consisting of cake and lemonade, were served to the audience gratis.

At about half past nine o'clock the curtain rose again revealing a mill scene, with the following cast of characters:

Van au Vent, a lazy servant.....Chas. W. Waterhouse  
Old Brock, the miller.....R. E. Underwood  
Liza, his daughter.....Mrs. C. W. Waterhouse  
Pierre, a reman of Millers.....Harrison F. Yoder  
Guiseppo, a waiter.....Ira Poorman  
Waldo, Miller's men.....John M. Wismer  
H. G. Gunkel

Like the first play this one was very well acted. Both were full of humor, adapted to the deaf, and highly enjoyed. Indeed, it seemed to be the general opinion that the performances were among the best that have been given before the club.

It would be unfair not to mention the services of Mr. Frederick Buel, who as on previous occasions of the kind, furnished the wigs and other dressing materials for the players and himself did them up with commendable skill.

Mrs. R. E. Underwood, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mrs. J. S. Reider and Miss Dora Kintzel, were the ladies that furnished the cake for the entertainment.

It is proposed to give another play at All Souls' Hall in the near future, probably on December 26th. It may be "Uncle Joe's Well," under the management of Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett, who has had considerable experience in the line and may be depended upon for an enjoyable time.

On Thanksgiving morning the second eleven of Mr. Airy defeated the Chestnut Hill team, on the former's grounds, by the score of 6 to 0. A feature of the game was R. Williams run of 80 yards.

Julius Brenneisen had the forefinger of his left hand severely cut, by falling against a large piece of tin plate at his working place.

There will be the usual celebration of the Holy Communion at All Souls' Church on the first Sunday of December—the 4th.

Miss Bella Remmey, who has been visiting friends here for the past four weeks, has gone to Atlantic City, N. J., again.

Mr. F. G. Wurdemann, of Washington, D. C., was among our Sunday visitors.

George Zang was to Atlantic

City over Sunday, on a visit to his sister.

Mr. Samuel Sheetz and Miss Mary Ready were married at Reading, Pa., on Thanksgiving Day.

John Botzum and his youngest daughter were among our Thanksgiving visitors.

Mr. J. P. Walker, Principal of Morris Industrial Hall, visited New York recently in the interest of his hall. He called at the New York Institution for the Deaf, the Lexington Avenue School, the New York Trade School and the Pratt Institute.

J. S. R.  
Nov. 28, '98.

## FANWOOD.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The pupils are nearly all back from their homes, where they have been spending the Thanksgiving holidays. The few remaining here enjoyed the usual Thanksgiving dinner. The snow-storm that set in that afternoon, compelled the pupils to remain indoors, where they passed the time as best as they could under the circumstances. The storm of Friday and Saturday piled the snow drifts high about Fanwood, and the pupils returning Monday morning found most of the paths cleared by the snow plows. Every arrival had to run the gauntlet, for the boys along the paths liberally shovelled the snow on every passer-by.

At four o'clock Monday, a bloodless battle was fought on the boys' side. A snow fort had been built in one place, and termed the San Juan block house. About a dozen boys who were willing to be dubbed Spaniards for the time being, manned it, while the rest were Rough Riders, the 71st Regiment and Tenth Cavalry—all the cavalry minus their prancing steeds. Tutors Wm. Shanks and Wesley Van Tassel were Generals, Colonels, and every rank above Captain, Mr. Shanks directing the Spanish, and Mr. Van Tassel the Volunteers and regulars. The details of the battle of San Juan were not followed, as no one at Fanwood had been there. The ammunition was snowballs, in place of Mauser rifles and cannons. Strong arms sent the volleys of snowballs whizzing up and down the gray ranks. The aim of the Spaniards was very bad. That of the Americans a trifle better, for they were reinforced by base ball pitchers Ellis, Hannon, Dyer and Elstein. The Red Cross nurses and the ambulance corps had nothing to do. Combatants on both sides positively refused to be killed or wounded, so contrary to the rules of war, the hospital corps joined in the fight. A ten-pound snow shell hit Gen. Roosevelt Van Tassel in the neck and he retired to change his collar. Almost simultaneously, a soggy mauser bullet impaired Gen. Weyler Shanks' eyeglasses, and he made double time to the study room to get a better focus. Every boy was now a General. The Spanish, disheartened by the loss of their commander, were on the point of giving up, because there was no one else to direct the firing, but they soon rallied under the leadership of Lynch, and drove the Americans back.

It was nearly 5.45 and growing dark. The Americans made a final rush, took the block house and twenty Spaniards prisoners, and immediately buried every one of them under three feet of snow, whereupon every Spaniard when he arose, sputtering and white with snow, took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and just now have been proving themselves very good citizens. Every boy is commended to Congress for promotion and a medal, which leaves us without any privates, consequently the army has been disbanded.

As the *JOURNAL* correspondent, ye scribe, was tolerated by both Spanish and Americans, incidentally, knocking over a few Spaniards himself, but at the close of the battle he happened to be taking notes near the Spanish lines and was dumped in the snow with the enemy.

Several of the pupils and a few teachers residing some distance out of town, had not arrived Monday, on account of suspended traffic due to the severe storm of last week.

William Abrams, sexton of St. Ann's Church at 148th Street, was seen around here on Monday.

Dr. Edwin Allen Fay, of Washington, was at the institution for a short time last Friday.

Mrs. Bella Lockwood and Mrs. Edwin W. Frisbee, of Boston, called to see Miss Prudence Lewis, on Friday last.

Messrs. John E. Taplin, of New Haven, Conn.; Edward Hine, of Waterbury, Conn.; Patrick F. Williams, of Branford, Conn.; Joseph Young, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Willie Sullivan, of Guilford, Conn.; called at Fanwood Thanksgiving morning. They had been to the ball of the New York Deaf-Mute's Club.

J. H. K.

Two weeks ago, on a pleasant Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schanck, of Turkey, N. J., drove a spirited team of horses to Lakewood, N. J., and saw George Gould's residence, which is the finest in Lakewood, N. J.

## ST. LOUIS.

Preparations for the local celebration of Gallaudet Day indicate that it will be observed with greater enthusiasm and on a larger scale than ever before in the history of the city. The committee having the matter in charge is composed of Messrs. Rodenberger, Schaub, Guss, Hunter, Chas. Jones, Misses Herdman, Roper, E. Dillon, Schum and Mersfield. The celebration will be essentially a St. Louis affair. The committee is representative. The Deaf of St. Louis have their various local organizations for different objects, but when it comes to honoring Gallaudet—they are one.

It was impossible to get the hall in which to hold the celebration, on Dec. 10th, so it was decided to have the affair on Wednesday, Dec. 7th. Admission will be by ticket, and tickets will read thus:

Celebration of the 11th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, LL.D., founder of Deaf-Mute Instruction in America, by the Deaf-Mutes of St. Louis, at the Schuyler Memorial House, 3210 Locust Street, Wednesday eve., December 7th, at 8 o'clock.

An elaborate banquet with toasts has been prepared—the toasts perhaps forming the chief article of diet. Gallaudet's memory will be honored, and all are invited to come and take part.

The Gallaudet Union will hereafter meet on the third Friday evening of each month.

Mr. Jamie George, of Jacksonville, is visiting the Garth family in the suburbs.

The legacy case in which Mr. W. E. Guss is interested, has been postponed by the court from November to January.

Mrs. Newton Stafford has gone to join her husband in Colorado, where they will in the future make their home.

Mr. George S. Holmes, of Jacksonville, Ill., was visiting relatives in the city last week.

The latest addition to the local silent community is Miss Nannie Griggs, from Illinois. She resides at 2010a Obeart Avenue.

J. H. C.

## Wedding Bells.

VALLES—ROBINSON.

Miss Maris M. Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Robinson, was married to Mr. John B. Valles on Thanksgiving eve, at the residence of the bride's parents in Brooklyn. She was assisted as bridesmaid by Miss Lizzie Isgen, and as best man by Mr. Frank Eeka. The bride was elegantly gowned. The ceremony was performed in the parlor by Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain of St. Ann's Church. The relatives and friends of the couple were only the attendants. After the ceremony a reception followed, at which relatives and friends tendered congratulations. A wedding supper was furnished later. Among valuable presents were noticed: A splendid triple silver tea service (tray, kettle and cups) from Messrs. McLaren, Greis, Eeka, Godfrey and Scales; berry silver spoon from Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lang, of Mass., a dozen spoons and sugar tongs from the shopmates of Mr. Valles; an elegant table cover from Miss Lizzie Isgen; a Japanese vase from Miss Kate Colligan; a rocker from Mr. and Mrs. White; a pretty vase, toilet box and another tea service, from friends whose names have not been mentioned.

The following morning Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Valles started on a wedding tour. They will make their home with the bride's parents. Mr. John B. Valles came from England about seven years ago, and his education was obtained in England. He is the treasurer of the Brooklyn Guild, and is a quiet and modest gentleman. He has a host of friends who will be glad to learn of his marriage. He is a shoe cutter by trade, employed in Hanna & Sons shoe factory.

Mrs. Mary M. Valles obtained her education at the old 44th Street (afterwards the Lexington Avenue) School. Those who were at the wedding: Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Rev. Dr. Lewis Frances, Thos. Godfrey, Archie J. McLaren, Leo. Greis, Frank Eeka, Mr. Scales, Misses Lizzie Isgen, Hannah Henry, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. White, Miss Kate Colligan, Mrs. Lounsbury, Miss Emma Hawkins, Mrs. Haller and children, Mrs. A. Washburne and others.

BERTHA.

## A Reception to Rev Dr. Chamberlain

A Grand Reception will be given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes on Thursday Eve, December 15th, at 8 o'clock, at the Guild Room of St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, in honor of the Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, Assistant General Manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

You are earnestly requested to attend and bring your friends with you, both deaf mutes and those who are not afflicted. Tickets, 35 cents each, including refreshments. Benefit to the Guild.

Dr. Chamberlain will give a lecture on the deaf-mutes of this

and foreign countries. He returned from Europe last August, where he was making a study of deaf-mutes in France, England, Germany and Ireland. Those who attend this lecture will find it very interesting.

The reception committee is composed of Messrs. William G. Gilbert (Chairman), Peter Adler and Chas. J. Sanford.

## A Picture of the Whole War at the Eden Musee.

Even before the war with Spain began, the Eden Musee sent artists to Cuba to obtain Cinematographe pictures. The artists remained in Cuba, and at the various military camps during the entire war. The pictures they secured were exhibited at the Musee as rapidly as they were developed. Now that the war is over the Musee has added a charming feature. It is the giving of, by means of these views, a panorama of the whole war. It must be remembered that these pictures are not ordinary photographs but moving pictures, flashed upon the screen at the rate of thirty a second, so that all the life of the original scene is given. The first picture begins with the arrival of the United States Troops at Tampa, when they march from the trains to their camps. Successively each feature of the war follows, leading at last to the surrender of General Toral and later to the planting of the flag over Santiago.

Among the scenes shown re Artillery Practice at Tampa; Troopship in a storm off the Cuban Coast; An Attacking Party Landing; Rough Riders Landing; Pack Mules on the Trail to Santiago; Building Military Roads near San Juan; Wagon Supply Trains; Col. J. J. Astor at Siboney; Battle of San Juan; The Red Cross on the Field; Gen. Toral Giving his Sword to Gen. Shafter; and many other equally interesting subjects, including the heroes of the war.

These exhibitions take place every other hour during the afternoon and evening of each week day. At each alternate hour is shown a series of lighter views. Some of them are thrilling in the extreme and some are irrepressibly humorous. One of them shows the Great Futurity Race of 1898. There are three scenes of Mary and her Little Lamb. Jumping the Hurdles at Cedarhurst is an excellent scene and at its conclusion the picture is reversed so that the horses appear to jump the hurdles backwards. These pictures as well as the Panorama of the War are accompanied by ingenious effects, in the shape of windstorms, guns, martial music, rain and thunder. All of these effects are produced by a single machine, the only one of its kind in the world, and which is under such control that an error is never made.

## THE PASA-PAS CLUB'S NEW YEAR'S BALL.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The Pasa-Pas Club desires to call the attention of its many kind friends and well-wishers, who are also subscribers of the *JOURNAL* and reside in and about Chicago, that its great annual affair will be held this year on New Year's Eve, December 31st, at Washington Hall, 70 East Adams Street. The location is in the business centre of the city, thus making it convenient for both city residents and visitors alike. The appointments and reputation of the hall are everything desired, and music and refreshments will be first class. The dance program will also be managed according to the "latest," but there will be no new-fangled dances to cause disappointment. The committee being made up of old time hands, will understand how to cater to the wants of all who attend. We desire everybody who can to appear in full evening dress.

Out-of-town visitors should not fail to make this the occasion of their annual pilgrimage. As the railroads all offer half fare rates during the holidays.

This is not a money-making scheme of the club. There is no need of this, for the club is now flourishing and ever above self-supporting. But this affair is arranged to give the Chicago deaf a chance to enjoy themselves at a "real swell" affair, and we are confident enjoyment will be found for all.

In conclusion, we thank our friends for our past successes, and trust they will also let this go on record as a "hummer." We are, Respectfully,  
THE COMMITTEE.

P. S.—For further particulars address the Pasa-Pas Club, Handel Hall, Chicago.

Miss J. McK. Campbell, who has been visiting relatives in Lewis Centre, O., returned to Ann Arbor, Mich.

After the Republican meeting at Cooper Union, on November 5th, Messrs. Frank B. Thompson and W. S. Abrams were conducted through "Chinatown" by a Central Office detective.

Miss Lucy Greene, with her father, Herbert Wilbur Greene, President of the National Music Teachers' Association, spent two days at Smith Ferry and Holyoke, Mass., recently.



## NEW YORK.

### The First Entertainment of Winter.

### NEARLY TWO HUNDRED THERE.

It was the New York Deaf-Mutes' Club's Second Annual Entertainment and Reception.—The News of the Week.

Theo. L. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 50th Street, New York City.

The New York Deaf-Mute's Club entertainment and reception on Thanksgiving evening, November 23d, was quite well attended by a hundred and seventy-five persons, although the fair sex was greatly in the minority, but those participating evidently enjoyed themselves, and it was nearly three o'clock in the morning when the last person left the hall.

Although Central Park Dancing Hall is not a first-class place, yet it was adequately suited to the occasion, and the event passed off with all potent to such affairs.

The entertainment preceding the dance was quite amusing, especially for the younger element. The plays were illustrated anecdotes, beginning with a love story, in which a fortune comes to the young lover and resulting in matrimony. Martin Glynn, Herman Beck, W. F. Long and H. Lamm, were the actors. In the next act the antiquated tooth-pulling scenes is gone through, the molar being the size of a large carrot. Henry Bettels was the victim. R. McVea, his companion and coxer, and A. McL. Baxter, the dentist. The latter used crutches, the result of a fall a few days previous, but many thought it was merely a stage affair.

McVea, Lamm, Prinsinzing, Taylor, and Glynn, then gave a barber shop scene, where the lather and razor made the audience feel like Lilliputians. A hearing gentleman then exhibited his dexterity in magic tricks, which was very good, but not a long drawn out and mystifying treat.

There were not a hundred seated when the curtain first went up, but the hall gradually filled, until midnight, when the ticket-taker informed me that one hundred and sixty-one tickets had been taken in. Dancing commenced on a floor above at about eleven o'clock, with Joseph J. Carey as musical director, while Hugh Conley Seward acted as floor manager, with Happy Jerry Hayes as assistant, and a floor committee consisting of Henry Beck, Henry Prinsinzing, Frank Turner, T. E. Taplin and R. H. McVea, and a reception committee of Samuel Cox, H. Probst, W. F. Long, W. B. Taylor, J. J. McEvoy. The dancing proceeded smoothly with plenty of room for each set, and only had there been more ladies there would have been more happy gentlemen for it is owing to this that it began to wane even before one o'clock, and after this only a few couples of waltzers were to be seen. The day had been rainy and this probably accounts for the scarcity of females; but then there was the inducement of the morrow being a holiday.

The assemblage was composed mainly of the youth, so very few of the old familiars being noticeable, but withal it was an affair of which the club cannot feel ashamed, and they are to be credited with coming out on the safe side financially, aided greatly by the issuance of a souvenir journal containing nearly a hundred dollars worth of advertisements. The committee arranging the affair were: Henry Bettels, A. Baxter, W. L. Bowers, M. Glynn and H. Lamm. The officers of the club are: James F. Britt, President; J. L. Hayes, Recording Secretary; F. Turner, Corresponding Secretary; H. Bettels, Treasurer; W. Taylor, Sergeant-at-Arms; and A. McL. Baxter, M. Glynn and W. F. Long and the above officers composing the Executive Committee. Of those present, the following is as complete a list as was possible to obtain.

Mr. and Mrs. Bettels, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Taggard, Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McManus, Misses, Ida Van Ness, Ray Fenall, Louise Kummer, Lillie Newman, Mary Long, Nellie Long, Laura Brink, Hattie Nixon, Ruth Birchkind, Ethel Perry, Sadie Kelly, Oette Greenberg, Katie Walsh, Bertha Spahn, Emma Caddy, Christenah Doyle, Lena Burke, of New Haven, Conn., Mr. Isaac P. Beach, of Branford, Conn., Gilbert Marshall, of Bridgeport, Conn., Leslie Marshall Jr., of Portchester, N. Y., J. Wurdemann, of Washington, D. C., John Muth, of Hartford, Conn., Edward Hine, of Waterbury, Conn., P. F. Williams, of Branford, Conn.

## CHICAGO.

### Synopsis of Another Interesting Lecture.

### "WARS—PAST AND PRESENT."

#### A Fortnight's Gleanings.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sanson, Money Order Division, Chicago Post Office.]

I do not know whether I should apologize to the readers of the JOURNAL for giving them the synopsis of another lecture. Maybe the growler is abroad, who kicks at my habit, but I hope there are more sympathizers than growlers, more optimists than pessimists, more hope than despair in the world. Thus far, the silent people of Chicago have been lucky in listening to lectures of a varied character. They had lectures on "Alaska," by Mr. Weller, who roughed it out there, on "Education and Citizenship," by Prof. Haskins, late candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction on the People's ticket, and on "Why we Laugh," by Mr. J. S. Long. If my attempts to "extend" the lectures through the medium of the JOURNAL to more people still is appreciated, then I'll feel encouraged to take down notes of such lectures and round them out with the aid of a dictionary on my right hand, and other books of reference on my table. Kickers will please note that a correspondent's writing must be made up of a variety of topics. Part of it must interest readers locally, and part outside parties. Out here, we care little what is going on among people in a distant city, but we would be interested to hear that Prof. Fox had given a lecture in Brooklyn on the late war, as it was a subject of more than local importance, and it is to be regretted that no correspondent followed him across the river to give us a column or two of it. Two or even three columns of football, of bucking the centre, swift and runs aided by interference, and spectacular kicking, would interest the athletes only, but the same amount of space devoted to the lecture of a Professor would have a larger circle of readers.

Mr. James E. Gallagher announced as his subject for the evening, to a well selected audience, viz: "Wars—Past and Present." Being a forcible sign-maker, he made the subject a most interesting one, and the matter and manner of delivery compared favorably with the other ones. Recent events have impressed us with the fact that we are rapidly developing into a military nation with a tendency to grow and expand, we are getting rid of the hermit crustacea that has enveloped us. The policy of self-preservation in the early stages of development demanded the life of a hermit, but "times are changed, and we change with them." The policy of expansion is in consequence of the logic of events. Duty guides destiny. Nothing is calculated to impress the mind of the direction that the logic of events is treading, than in appropriation in Congress for 5000 sailors and 55 new war vessels. This may have been taken by the aggression of Russia, and of her suspected attempt at domination of the world. The taking possession of Hawaii and the Philippine islands are but steps towards checking Russia's game, while the Alliance with England is implied.

The Romans at first recruited their armies from criminals and debtors, but as time went on, began to select the best citizens for her soldiery. Napoleon established a system, whereby only the able-bodied, and those free from physical defects, could serve. It has been copied everywhere. There is a change of sentiment regarding the useless sacrifice of lives. Gen. Shafter so conducted the campaign around Santiago as to save the lives of the soldiers under him, and it is the policy now-a-days. The general who wins a battle without sacrificing but few lives, is a top notch strategist.

History gives us Frederick the Great, Peter the Great, and others. No one calls Washington the Great, but it does not necessarily imply that he suffers by it. He stands on the pedestal of greatness second to none either in statesmanship or military genius. The strategy he exhibited in lighting bonfires on Manhattan Island, deceiving the British and suddenly decamping to Yorktown, where Cornwallis was captured, is a striking instance of the daring resources of his mind.

Napoleon's campaign against Moscow, and its disastrous results, was given in pantomimic style, as also was Caesar's daring crossing of the Rubicon and the precipitating of war on Rome itself.

The attempt of Napoleon III. to add the lustre of military glory to

his name precipitated a row with Germany, ever bristling with bayonets, and his downfall has furnished history with a grand object lesson of the vanity of its pursuit.

There is no denying that hero-worship ever fills the human breast. One has only to look at Roosevelt, sweeping New York State for Governor. Fresh from San Juan, his march has been irresistible. He never would have been elected but for the military eclat surrounding his name. The kissing of Hobson was only a practical demonstration of the feminine admiration for war-heroes.

Generous applause greeted the lecturer at the close, and complimentary remarks were made by Messrs. Hasenstab, Regensburg and Dougherty.

Messrs. Green and Taylor, of Mattoon, Ill., were visitors at the Church Sunday. They are both job printers, while the latter plays ball with the Mattoon team (a semi-professional one). He is a cracking good pitcher, and is known as "the Terror" around there. He has pitched against the St. Louis Browns, Detroit and Indianapolis teams.

Mr. Wayman is getting the banquet for Dec. 10th ready. Saratoga Hotel has been selected, and members of the club wanting plates for themselves and wives should order tickets before Dec. 5th, as none will be accepted after that.

Miss Letitia G. Gallaher is taking lessons in vocal culture in the Balka Musical Academy in Handel Hall. She is a member of the Choir of Campbell Park Church.

Rev. Mr. Mann held services in the morning and evening at Trinity Church. For the afternoon he related the story of Zacharias, the prophet, who was made mute by the Lord for refusing to believe that a son could be begotten of a woman of eighty, but his powers of speech were restored when he wrote in Hebrew that "His name shall be John." From the line sprang Christ. The second part related to welcome. We all love and admire great men for their kind deeds. A boy was found on the streets crying by a "gentleman" years ago. Inquiries elicited the fact that he had a widowed mother on a sick bed. He gave him money, and as the boy dashed for a drug store the "gentleman" made for the house. The latch string was out, and in response to the feeble "Come in," he entered the room. Satisfied of her condition he wrote on a piece of paper and left. The woman was doubly amazed when the paper was made out as a check for \$50 and bearing the name of George Washington. Let our latch-strings open for the Saviour to walk in. He will prove a friend in need indeed.

Rev. Mr. Cloud was here on Thanksgiving, but did not stop to give services with Mr. Mann as expected. He was on a business trip. John Schmitz and Alma Eva Beh were united in marriage by Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, at 126 Dearborn Ave., on Wednesday noon, November 23d, in the presence of relatives and friends, among the former being an aunt and niece from Cleveland. Mr. Rood read orally for the minister. The groom was arrayed in a full-dress suit and the bride in cream albatross, with train trimmed with real lace. He received his education in the oral schools of Germany and is a lithographic engraver by profession.

Mrs. Codman is in mourning for her father, who died recently.

There will be an election of officers the 3d of December, and all members should turn out, especially when it will be known which side has won. The Reds or Blues Each side has something up in its sleeve. Your correspondent saw Chicago go down before Michigan in the Thanksgiving game of football. It was a hard game for the veterans to lose. The Western Championship flag will float at Ann Arbor, for a year at least.

The Gallaudet Alumni, living in Chicago, are much pleased to hear of the football team winning the championship, and especially from Johns Hopkins, their hoodoo for many years.

Mrs. Holmes, of Batavia, Ill., is visiting Mrs. Bradley, of Pullman. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab's text for his sermon was Hebrews 13:14—"For here we have no continuing city but we seek one to come."

#### NOTICE.

The deaf people of Troy and Albany and vicinity, are cordially invited to a special service in memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, which will be held at St. Paul's Church, Albany, at 7:30 P.M., on Thursday, December 15th. It is expected that the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and the Messrs. Mann, Koehler, and Danzter, will be present and make addresses. After the service a reception will be held at the rectory adjoining the church, to which all deaf people are very cordially invited.

The ordination of Mr. H. Van Allen to the Diaconate will take place in the Cathedral of All Saints, Albany, at 10 A. M., on Friday, December 16th. The attendance of the deaf is earnestly requested.

## STATE OF OHIO.

### How Thanksgiving was Observed.

#### OLD TIMES IN AMERICA.

#### A Well-Gotten-Up Play in Pantomime--The News as Usual Faithfully Reported.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 968 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Thanksgiving Day '98 is numbered among the past, and has undoubtedly left its impress upon the school children of this institution, and at least it should.

The day was as fine a one as one could wish for on such an occasion,—lovely sunshine, crisp cold air.

The Thanksgiving service was given by Superintendent Jones and Principal Patterson. This was interspersed with songs in concert, scriptural readings and addresses. Three of the young ladies—Misses Bover, McFadden and Jansen—recited in graceful signs the hymn, "A Song of Thanksgiving." After chapel, a physical contest took place on the grounds between the Alerts and a picked team composed of soldiers and college boys, and better known as Battery H. Notwithstanding the little practice our boys had, owing to the bad condition of the grounds, they put up a number one game, in fact the most magnificent of the season. Their opponents were all heavy men, and yet they were unable to secure a touchdown, owing to the dexterity of the mutes. Several times the Alerts had the ball within a few yards of their opponents' goal, but lost the ball by fumbles and downs, and but for these, the score would have been much higher. Only 20-minute halves were played, and when ended, the result was 6 to 0 in favor of the Alerts.

The feasting part of the day was announced at 12:30. The dining-room never looked more beautiful than on this occasion, with its snowy white table-cloth, sparkling tumblers with Chinese napkins sticking out of them; a flower at each plate, and all under gaslight. Certainly this attractive sight only heightened the appetite of the 460 children for the menu provided for the occasion. And, here, it is: Roast turkey, dressing and gravy, mashed potatoes, green peas, celery, pickles, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, bread, butter, syrup and coffee. It is safe to say none left the table with appetite unsatisfied.

There was no social in the afternoon, as has been customary in the past for some years. The entertaining, or theatrical part of the day, was in charge of a committee of teachers, which prepared the following as a fitting finale of the day's remembrance, and was especially pleasing to the younger portion of the children, who never grow weary when the red man forms part of a play:

#### OLD TIMES IN AMERICA.

##### I.—PANTOMIME.

Pocahontas saving John Smith. Two scenes.

##### II.—INDIAN CUSTOMS.

SCENE 1.—Indian Games. SCENE 2.—Indian War. Black vs. Red. Attack proposed. Medicine man consulted. Answer favorable. War dance.

SCENE 3.—Red Indians in camp. Black spies. Reds aroused. Resist attack. Black defeated. Great losses. Medicine man appears. Chides Reds. Resurrects dead Indians. Advises peace and friendship. Pipe of peace.

##### III.—PURITAN FAMILY.

ACT I.—SCENE I. Great distress. Grandmother longs for Old England. Family tries to comfort her. Children cry for food. Go out nutting. Children hurry in. Baskets empty. Tell of attack by Indian girls. Father goes out with them. SCENE 2. Father and children nutting. Indian girls stone them. SCENE 3. Good Indians offer corn. Tell of Indian plot. Father arranges defense.

ACT II.—SCENE I. Father tells his folks to stay in the house. Men come in to help guard them. SCENE 2. Indians attack Whites. New champion helps Whites. Whites beat Indians carry off their dead. SCENE 3. Father returns and reports victory. Friends come in. General jubilation.

##### IV.—A BETTER WAY.

Penn meets Indians. Propose friendship. Offers to pay for their land. Some Indians object. Others consent. At last all agree. Treaty signed.

Some sixty pupils were remembered by friends at home by receiving boxes containing good things for the inner man.

That was a delightful affair at the home of Mrs. A. B. Greener Saturday evening last. We mean the box party given by the second division of the Ladies' Aid Society. A larger room should be selected by the ladies, when they give parties of this kind. It would increase the attendance as well as swell their receipts, we think. But to the party, some sixty or more persons attended it, and the first part of the evening was devoted to target shooting and puzzles. Then came the sale of boxes. There, the ladies had filled up with fine and toothsome lunches, each lady filling a box with sufficient lunch for

two, and placing her name therein. The boxes were sold only to gentlemen, none for less than twenty-five cents, and the name of the lady he found therein shared the contents with him. Some of the boxes were auctioned, and there was a spirited bidding on several. One brought \$1, and the gentleman on opening it, found that his wife had put up the lunch in it. Some of the boys in making the selection of a box found therein the name of a lady different from what they had anticipated, and that is where the fun came in. However, the lunches were all fine, and no one made complaint on that score. All in all, the party was one of the best of the season, and the society is now richer by ten dollars. Coffee was served to all who desired, it at the society's expense.

The Alerts played their second game of the season last Saturday afternoon. Twenty-five and twenty-minute halves were played, and the game decided the championship between the two teams. The C. A. C. were clearly outplayed. Alerts 18, C. A. C., 0.

The line up of the two teams was as follows:

ALERTS.	POSITIONS.	C. A. C.
E. Hedges	Left End.	Hatton
J. Adelson	Left Guard.	Biddle
Colson	Left Tackle.	Shaugnessy
Van, Emon	Center.	O'Neill
W. Wilda	Right Guard.	Perkins
J. Brochak	Right Tackle.	Enright
J. Winemiller	Right End.	Briggs
W. Albert	Quarter Back.	Murphy
Holmes	Martin Left Half Back.	Miller
Krull	Right Half Back.	Manguo
D. Whitehead	Full Back.	Cott

Touchdowns—John Brochak, J. Knell (1). Kicked Goals—Knell (2), Albert L. Referee—W. H. Zorn. Umpire—Wilson. Time-keeper—Beckert. Linesmen—Neutzing and Rose.

Among the deaf visitors here Thanksgiving day were Messrs. Goldsmith and Alonzo Kingry, of Grove City; George Robey, of Carroll County; John Mott, of Worthington; Mrs. Coontz, of Commercial Point; and Mrs. Vandevier from the Home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Sprague have made their home in this city for the present. Mr. Sprague has been up at the Home for several days assisting in building a chicken house. It will be about forty feet long and will be of the latest improved character. Superintendent Byers has a fine flock of Plymouth Rocks, and proposes to do a thriving business in the poultry business for the benefit of the Home, and he will get there too, for he is interested in the work.

People getting up this morning found the ground covered with snow to the depth of half an inch. This is the first fall of the beautiful of any consequence this season hereabouts.

Nov. 26, '98. A. B. G.

#### MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

It is our meet and bounden duty, and to those who understand it rightly, it is moreover a privilege, to give thanks at all times and in all places, but Thanksgiving Day has been set apart as a special day of rejoicing and praise for the blessings and mercies of the year.

Or, it may be, for the special benefit of the worldly inclined individual, who being either too busy or forgetful, or perchance careless, never thinks to give thanks during any of the other 364 days of the year.

Thanksgiving Day comes amid the golden pomp of autumn, when nature has been despoiled of every charm, and the year's harvestings have been stored away. Then is the season for the assembling together of the family circle, and the drawing closer again of affectionate hearts which the gay pomp of worldly pleasures and added cares is continually endeavoring to sever.

It summons back the children who have launched forth in life and been drifting farther and farther apart, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, there to grow young and loving again among the pleasant memories of childhood. How many of them looking back over the long vista of years, would fain repeat with the poet, "O, make me a child again, just for tonight."

As the family circle gathers around the festive board, hearts grow warm again and kindle anew with love, as friends and kindred are united once more "in a feast of reason and flow of soul."

The table is graced with more than ordinary festivity, and everyone seems to vie with everyone else, who shall talk the most, tell the longest stories and be the merriest and most agreeable. The picture of the family party seated around the festal board seems like a sort of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," dramatized in real life,—a little changed to be sure, to conform to modern ideas, but still the seven ages. At first the infant, a perfect cherub of sweetness and innocence, the pet and idol of everyone from grandfather down; then the school-boy, romping and laughing in impish glee, glad that for once he is not compelled to creep unwillingly to school; then the lover, full of love's young dream, with smiles and sighs for the favored one of his affections; and the soldier, thrice welcome, with all the glory and honor of the late war upon him; the middle-aged father and mother

proud and pleased at having all their dear ones at home again; the grandparents hale and hearty still, but to whom the evening of life is drawing near: the sixth age shifts and we see an aged couple, whose wrinkled faces seem the legacy of a noble and refined spirit, purified by suffering and sorrow; who have survived all the vicissitudes of life and are only waiting for the summons home.

They bow their heads and their lips utter that hallowed prayer of Thanksgiving, breathed forth from full hearts:—"For life and health and strength and manifold other blessings, the Lord make us truly thankful!" And so ends the play. The reader must not infer that this is a picture of our own Thanksgiving! Oh, bless you, no! but simply a creation of one's fancy, for ours is but a little world, in which we live and move and have our being, and we spent the past Thanksgiving in an unusually quiet manner.

There was the dinner to be sure, up to the usual standard, but only two generations of the family partake of it, and the Sunday dress and Sunday sensations made it seem all the more like a quiet Sabbath day, instead of a holiday that comes but once in the year.

Mr. Will Hunt, of South Bend, was the victim of a surprise party in honor of his natal day, Thanksgiving evening. The affair was engineered by Messrs. Keller and Cope, and from the favorable report received, it was a very brilliant event in South Bend deaf circles.

About twenty deaf were present and nearly as many more invited who could not attend. Games and delicious refreshments were the principal features of the party, and those present speak highly of the entertaining abilities of the South Bend deaf. Sorry we were unable to participate in the festivities, as it would have proven a rare treat to us. The invitations to the party were very unique and rather comical, the cards having engraved thereon a picture of a huge chunk of cheese with a tiny mouse seated on top who was inviting another one to "come to my party."

Mr. and Mrs. H. Whitmore and Miss Mabel Connor, of Laporte, spent Thanksgiving at South Bend and attended the party. Mr. Whitmore and Miss Connor returned home the following day, but Mrs. Whitmore will visit at Mishawaka for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. William Garwood, of Westville, ate their "thank turkey" with relatives at Mishawaka, and Mrs. Garwood will remain there for a month's visit. In the meanwhile Mr. Garwood will play at keeping "bachelor's hall" again.

Miss Daisy Hostetler, of Michigan City, attended services at Laporte on the 26th, and remained until Wednesday with Miss Mabel Connor and other friends.

Mrs. Alex. Fedenburg and Mrs. Dolph, of Westville, were present at the Laporte service, November 26th. Mrs. Dolph was educated at the Michigan school, and is married to a hearing man.

Rev. Hasenstab preached a most excellent sermon at the Laporte Mission, November 26th, taking for his text I. Thessalonians 5:18.—"In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Jesus concerning you." Only nine deaf persons braved the severe weather, but felt it was well worth coming many miles to attend such an interesting meeting.

November has for the most part been favored with the fairest of autumn weather, but Thanksgiving day ushered in the beginning of winter, and now we may look forward with delightful anticipations to one of the gayest sports of the season, sleighing. When it comes to that, we are right in it.

And now heigh ho! for Christmas! Nov. 27 '98. PITTI SING.

#### Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4TH.  
10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer.  
3 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany. Evening Prayer.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.  
10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer.  
3 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady. Evening Prayer.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15TH.  
7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany. Gallaudet Memorial Service.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16TH.  
10 A.M., Cathedral of All Saints, Albany. Ordination.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.  
3 P.M., St. John's, Johnstown. Evening Prayer.  
7.30 P.M., St. Ann's, Amsterdam. Evening Prayer.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25TH.  
10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer.  
3 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany. Evening Prayer.

H. VAN ALLEN, Lay-Missionary.

On November 17th the big Furniture & Carpet Company, at 401-403 Manhattan Avenue, cor. Java Street, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Mr. Joseph Schrieber, brother-in-law of Mrs. Henry Schanck, of Furkey, N. J., was the owner.



## THE CONVENIENT TIGER.

ADVENTURE OF A MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF IN AN EAST INDIAN JUNGLE WITH A BAG OF RUPEES AND A DISHONEST SERVANT.

By J. C. Foxton, I. C. S.

"I don't know that I have ever met a full-blossomed yogi in all my years in India. One has to come to America to find out the wonders and mysteries of theosophy. But I have seen performances of Indian fakirs quite as inexplicable as anything I have heard of the Mahatmas. There was one in particular in which I was concerned—a matter of some 20 years ago. It had a tragedy in it and some things which neither you nor I can explain. You understand, no doubt, what an Indian fakir is—a man of the Brahminical faith who devotes his life to communion with the Hindu gods. Through prayer and contemplation and the leading of an ascetic life the fakirs attain powers that seem miraculous to the Western mind."

"The fakir that I am to tell you about came one afternoon to Archie Redvon's bungalow, near Chappore, where I had been staying for a few days during a round of inspection. He was an old, brown-skinned man, with a long, intellectual face, and hair and beard snowy white. A waistcloth, turban and sandals, were all he wore, and the rest of his visible belongings consisted of a prayer mat, a hubble-bubble, or native water pipe, and an earthen bowl from which he ate his food. He spread his mat in the middle of the compound, seated himself cross-legged upon it and began to take tinsel balls from somewhere—from the mat, it seemed, although none could be seen upon it—and to throw them one by one up into the air. Each one, as he threw it, went sailing up, until it was out of sight, and none of them came down. Then he did the boy and ladder and the mango tree trick in a manner that showed he was a fakir of no common order."

"Then he took a hollow reed, fashioned it into a sort of pipe and went round in the compound and on the outside of the bungalow, playing a weird tune. Presently a cobra poked its head out from a hole in the wall, its body followed, and the serpent came to the ground and glided along after the fakir. Soon another cobra crawled out of the grass and followed the sound of the pipe. When the fakir stayed his steps the snakes stopped, and as he played on the reed they reared their hooded heads from the ground, and their bodies swayed to and fro as if they were keeping time with his piping. He called for a basket. A house servant brought him one, and the fakir, with his bare hands, took the snakes each by the neck and body, placed them in the basket, pressed their heads down and tied a cloth above them."

"This ended his performance. Redvon gave him a rupee, and I handed him five, for I had never seen anything to compare with what he had done. He gravely took the coins, after the manner of the Brahmins, without a thank or salaam. But as he dropped them somewhere in his waist cloth his eye fell on my servant Nagho, standing at my shoulder, and he looked at him with a strange intentness, then turned to me with a gaze as searching. Have you ever chanced to notice a Hindoo's eye—so sombre, black, so keen to see and comprehend and revealing no more than a pool of ink might the thought behind it. But I noted in the fakir's eye what seemed to me to be a flash of perception, of discovery, as his look rested on Nagho and then on me. It was the episode of a moment. He said nothing, but picked up his mat and pipe, put the basket and snakes on his shoulder and went his way, taking the direction of Chappore, three miles away."

"On the next day I had to go to Baghra to meet the deputy collector there. To save distance I decided to travel in a palanquin over a bullock trail too rough for a carriage, instead of going twice as far round by the highway. I made my start in the middle of the afternoon, expecting to arrive in Baghra in the early evening. In my traveling satchel were notes and coin to the value of 12,000 rupees, which I was taking to the deputy collector. At the last hour Redvon showed some anxiety about my taking the route I had chosen."

"Once your start is made, don't waste any time in getting through to Baghra," he said. "Beyond Chappore the road is through jungle all the way. There's a chance of dacoits—and then if your palanquin bearers should run upon them or get a tiger scare, they would think nothing of setting down the palanquin and leaving you in the jungle. Of course, you have your revolver by you in working order?"

"I had cleaned and oiled and reloaded my revolver that morning, and told Redvon so. But he had still another caution to give me. He looked at Nagho, who was filling a water vessel from a chatty at the further end of the veranda."

"That servant of yours—have you had him long?" he asked. "My steward tells me that he is a hill man by birth, that he talks the argot of the Indian thieves' guilds,

and he carries a tulwar. Do you know that you can trust him?"

"This was news to me about Nagho. I had hired him two months before in Calcutta. He had come well recommended and had proved a capable servant. I did not like the idea that he should have carried a tulwar, unknown to me. The tulwar, let me explain, is the wide-bladed knife which the men of the hill tribes use so effectively in fighting, wielding it at close quarters or throwing it. With his tulwar, a hill man can cut off the branch of a tree 20 paces away or lop a man's arm from his body. I made up my mind that I would find out more about Nagho before I took him with me on another trip, but to day there was nothing I could well do in the matter."

"I think the Hindoo is all right," I said to Redvon. "I'll have my eye on him, though. Good-bye. Hope I'll see you at Baghra next week."

"We shook hands, and the four bearers of the palanquin trotted away with me at a four-mile-an-hour gait, with Nagho and two relay bearers following. At Chappore, where we stopped a few minutes to rest, the bearers got hold of a report about a tiger, which was said to have killed a man or two lately on the road to Baghra, and when they started on it was with little of the willingness they had shown in the beginning. We had got about four miles beyond Chappore when we met a crowd of grass cutters coming on the run for the village, and they shouted 'Tiger! Tiger!' as they came near us. I managed to find out from them that no one had been hurt, but that one of them thought that he had seen a tiger. That was enough for my six palanquin bearers. They set the palanquin down and joined the cutters in their run for the village, leaving me with Nagho in the jungle."

"I reckoned that it was about ten miles further to Baghra and decided that I would walk there rather than turn back. I spread my umbrella to protect me from the sun and started along the path, with Nagho following, carrying the satchel. It was a rough road, miry in places. I had to stop often to rest, so as not to be overcome by the heat, and darkness fell before we had made a third of the remaining distance to Baghra. But I plodded on in the darkness, feeling rather than seeing my way, and hoping that nearer Baghra the road would improve. I was beginning—pretty thoroughly to distrust Nagho. There had come an unpleasant change of expression in his face since the palanquin men had left us, and I did not like the furtive look in his eyes which I had caught several times in turning suddenly toward him. Now that darkness had fallen I carried my revolver in my hand, quite as much on his account as on chance of falling in with a tiger or leopard."

"I had ordered him to walk ahead, which command he obeyed sulkily. He was walking about 30 feet in advance of me, when he turned suddenly round just as my foot tripped against a tree root, sending me sprawling to the ground. As I fell, something whizzed above my head, and I heard leaves and twigs falling far back of me down the road. It was Nagho's tulwar, and but for my lucky tumble, it would have split my skull as neatly as you please. The Hindoo ran as soon as he saw that his knife had missed, taking the satchel with him. I sent three shots after him from the ground, then got up and started on at an easy pace, for there was no hope of my overtaking the Hindoo, for, leaving the darkness out of the question, he could have outstripped me on such a road two to one. My only hope of recovering the satchel and money and bringing him to punishment was in getting to Baghra and setting the native police on his trail."

"It soon became clear to me that I should not get to Baghra that night. The air was horribly hot and humid, and the road got worse as I went on. I could feel the jungle fever clutching at me in the miasma that rises from the moist ground, but it was better to chance that than risk falling from heat and fatigue. I had rested myself under a tree by the roadside and had begun to nod with drowsiness, when the roar of a tiger somewhere off in the jungle gave a new turn to my thoughts, and I got up and stumbled on. Just as the tiger roared again I saw a smouldering fire in the clearing off to the right."

"It was an even chance whether it meant a camp of woodcutters or a rendezvous of dacoits, but I turned off the road and approached it. Only one man was by the fire—an old white-bearded man seated cross-legged on a mat—and I saw that it was the fakir who had been at Redvon's bungalow the day before. Here in the jungle he was sitting, absorbed in contemplation, as calmly as if such things as tigers or jungle fever did not exist. Two cobras in a basket by his side reared their heads and hissed as I came near, but the fakir did not raise his eyes until I stood before him. Then he looked at me without the slightest sign of surprise and motioned that I should seat myself opposite him."

"I expected you," he said, in Hindostanee. "You will remain here until the morrow."

"He returned to his contemplation and spoke not another word through the night. The tiger's roar came nearer, and I clutched my revolver as it changed into the low, eager, purring cry that tells he has scented his prey—but the old man gave no sign that he had so much as heard it. I watched the misty darkness around for an hour or more, but there was no more roaring, and no tiger appeared, and I laid my pistol across my lap and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as I could. In searching my pockets for cigars I found a package of quinine. I took 50 grains of it before morning and thus saved myself from jungle fever. Hour after hour I sat on the ground smoking cheroots, with the old man sitting opposite me."

"Part of the time his eyes were closed, but he did not nod or change his position, and whether he slept or not I could not tell. From time to time he fed the fire from a little heap of dry branches at his side, and two or three times he lighted his hubble-bubble, but he did not once rise to his feet or leave the mat. Toward morning sleep overcame me and I woke to find myself on my back on the ground with the beams of the rising sun streaming into my face and one of the cobras crawling across my legs. I kept still, and the snake crept away in the grass hunting his breakfast."

"The old fakir, who was smoking, presently laid aside his pipe, collected his snakes and other luggage together, told me with a look that we were to move, and we left the clearing and turned into the road toward Baghra. In the dust, and more plainly in the miry places, we could see the tracks of Nagho. Presently there were other footprints above the man's and taking the same course—the tracks of a tiger which had come into the road from the jungle. I had not said a word to the fakir of what occurred the night before, but he pointed to the tiger's tracks and said gravely, the first words he had spoken that morning:

"These are bringing you to your property."

"We kept along the road until we came to a place where the tracks showed that the swinging trot of the tiger had changed to a succession of long bounds, which ended at a spot where the dust had been stirred by marks of a struggle and caked with drops of red. The bushes and long grass crushed and bent to left and right, showed where the tiger leaped back into the jungle, and there was no track of man or beast in the road beyond. But in the tiger's path at a few paces from the roadside, strung along the bushes, was the unbound turban of Nagho with a long smear of red upon its white."

"It was so appointed," said the fakir. "He was weaving the plan of his own death when he thought he was compassing yours. Now, take your own, restored to you, and we will go on into Baghra."

"He pointed to my satchel, which I had not seen in the grass by the roadside. It was unopened, and all its contents were safe. We went on to Baghra, where the fakir left me at the outskirts of the town, taking his way, I suppose, to the house of some person of his religious order. I gave him a bag of rupees at parting, which he accepted without thanks or comment—to him it came by appointment of the gods, and I feel sure he would have received a sentence of immediate execution with the same calm fatalism. I saw him once more, when he was called before the magistrate to give his testimony as to the manner of Nagho's death, but he gave me no sign of recognition. To one like him, wrapped in communion with deity, a mere man, whatever his degree, was worthy of nothing more than a passing notice."

"My story of the fakir is told, and you may explain it if you can to your satisfaction. His tricks at the bungalow were incomprehensible to the Western mind. Beyond these, what do you think of his reading of the human soul, as when his glance at Nagho revealed my servant's thought of murder and robbery against me? Of his knowledge of the events occurring in his case beyond the perceptions of the recognized senses of seeing and hearing? Was it the reading of Nagho's mind at the bungalow and of mine by the fire in the jungle? Let that explain it if you will. But what a genuine and lofty order of mind reading. Compare it with the jugglery that passes by that name among people the Western hemisphere."—New York Sun.

Physicians do not communicate with the dead when they wire a skeleton.

After a man begins to take whiskey for medicinal purposes he is always sick.

The man who always counts on his friends seldom figures in their calculations.

More people are willing to help bury a dead man than there are to lend a dollar to a living one.

## UNCLE SAM'S DEAF-MUTE REGIMENT.

THEY WILL MAKE THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS IN THE ARMY, AS THEY CAN NOT HEAR THE CANNON ROAR.

The deaf-mutes feel that they are the only people in the United States who were not permitted to show their patriotism in the late war. At the time it broke out, they were unprepared for it, and by the time they had succeeded in sending their wishes along the line and making themselves understood in Washington, the unpleasantness had subsided.

The deaf-mute regiment is a possibility of the near future. The deaf-mutes argue that if the immunes are especially fit for service, they are even to be more recommended. Immune from noise or fright, immune from the terrors of the whining Mausers, immune from the shrieks of the dead and dying, immune from catching the fear of their comrades, they would be specially adapted for work in the field.

The deaf-mutes with only a decade of advantage, have advanced further than any untaught race. Secluded from the world by nature, and hampered by that which would be to an ordinary person unsurmountable, they have progressed by modern methods of teaching until they occupy to day places alongside those who are naturally endowed.

There is a deaf-mute lawyer in a western city, who argues cases for the deaf-mutes of that city. He presents each case upon its legal merit and never takes advantage of the fact that his client might be ignorant of the law. A jury would willingly acquit a deaf-mute who did not know that it was wrong to write a threatening letter; it might even let a thieving mute go free, if he should plead that he was sorry. But this lawyer presents no such excuses. He prepares a full plea of defense and does well by his client.

Although mute preachers are the most numerous of the professional men of that class of people, there are many physicians, architects, engineers and lawyers. In short, the deaf-mute, although stricken of his power of hearing and speech, does almost as well in the world as his brother endowed with both.

On this line of argument the deaf-mutes have communicated with each other along the country and have unanimously declared that they should be allowed to go to war with the rest of their family. They conclude that they ought to be in a regiment by themselves, and it is toward the forming of this regiment that they are devoting their efforts. The famous immune regiment of Col. Hood numbers something like 1,000 men. And the deaf-mutes claim that they can easily raise two of this number, and could get them in training, so that in time of war they could easily be brought out.

They point out first the health of the deaf-mute, which is remarkably good. Not hearing other people complain, the small ills and aches of the rest of mankind pass them unknown. A deaf-mute does not know what nervousness is. He is never lonely; a deaf-mute, occupied as he is with his own thoughts, has the knack of diverting himself. He is never homesick; never in need of society; he is always content, no matter how stolid he may appear.

During the war, many of our soldiers actually suffered from homesickness; one notable case died. The physician diagnosed his case as nostalgia; his comrades called it by its plain English name—homesickness. This the deaf-mute laughs at, but never feels.

In war, the suffering is two-thirds from fear; one man out of a thousand falls, but the whole thousand almost die the death of fright. The deaf-mute, not hearing the exploding shells, not knowing that others have fallen behind him, not realizing the suffering, passes on, and is, to a certain extent, invincible, because he is kept back by nothing. Up San Juan Hill a deaf-mute regiment would have proceeded without the panic which almost drove the Cubans back and would have scared any troops but ours.

The sentiment of humanity is against allowing these men to brave death, but they themselves court military service, refusing to realize that they are naturally afflicted. They point out their strength and their health and ask Uncle Sam to adopt them as his military boys.—Detroit Journal, Nov. 5.

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Further Notice Later.

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